

The Historie of

Fals. Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buc-
krom, that I told thee of.

Prim. So, two more already.

Fals. Their points being broken,

Poines. Downe fell his hose.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came
in foot & hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prim. O monstrous! eleuen bukrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell wold haue it, three mis-begottē knaues,
in *Kendall* green, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it
was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prim. These lyes are like the father that begets the, grosse
as a mountain, open palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou
knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the
truth?

Prim. Why how couldst thou know these men in *Kendall*
greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand?
come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

Poines. Come your reason lacke, your reason.

Fal. What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the
strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on
compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons
were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason
vpon compulsion, I.

Prim. He be no longer guiltie of this sin This sanguine co-
ward, this bed-preiser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill
of flesh.

Fal. Zbloud you staruling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong,
buls-pizzell, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what is like
thee, you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile stan-
ding tucke.

Prim. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou
hast tired thy selfe in base cōparisons, hear me speak but thus.

Poyn. Marke, lacke.

Prim. We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, &
were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal
put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a
word

Henry the Fourth.

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew
it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts a-
way as nimble, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, and
still run and roare, as cuer I heard Bul-calf. What a slaue art thou
to hack thy sword as thou hast done, & then say it was in fight?
what trick? what device? what starting hole canst thou now
find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poin. Come lets heare *lacke*, what tricke hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee.
Why heare you my maisters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire
apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? VVhy, thou
knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Li-
on will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I
was a Coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe,
and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true
Prince: but, by the Lord Lads, I am glad you haue the money.
Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow:
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good
fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall wee haue
a Play extempore?

Prim. Content, and the argument shall bee, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. Enter Hostesse.

Hof. O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

Prim. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

Hof. Marry, my L., there is a Noble man of the court, at doore
would speake with you: he sayes he comes from your father.

Prim. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and
send him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hof. An old man.

Fal. What doth grautie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I
giue him his answer?

Prim. Prethee doe *lacke*.

Fal. Faith, and Ile send him packing.

Prim. Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so
did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct,
you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince.